

Whirlwind by orphan_account

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Summary:

Mike meets El in the college common room. They like each other right away. Plans are made... and then...

1. Function and Wave Domain Analysis

“You drink too much coffee.” Mike said to Max.

“So you’ve said.” Max said. “Besides it’s a latte, it’s more like coffee flavoured milk.”

They were sitting in the large common room/cafeteria at Hawkins Vocational Technical College, HVTC on the letterhead. Students started calling it HV, but that quickly morphed into HeeVee for short.

“What’s your next class?” Max said.

“Function and Wave Domain Analysis.” Mike said, checking his backpack to see if he had the right books. He didn’t, he’d have to take off a little earlier to go to his locker.

“Seriously?” Max said.

“Seriously what?” Mike said, checking his backpack to see if he had the right books. He didn’t, he’d have to take off a little earlier to go to his locker.

“That’s the name of the class?”

“Yeah, why?”

“What the hell is it?”

“It’s basically solving for values of components in a circuit. In the electronics world anyway, but it’s used for other things, ship motion... others. Advanced integral calculus ”

“That’s where the waves come in?”

“Uh, no, wave’s has in waves shown on an oscilloscope.”

“What’s an oscilloscope?”

“Seriously Max? You’re like a four year old. If you want to know all this, take the program. Be warned though, you’ll get a lot of math on you.”

“Ugh, no thanks.”

“So what’s your next class?”

“Cognitive Behaviour Therapy for DSM dash Five Disorders Focusing on Youth.”

“Seriously?” Mike said, smirking.

“Yeah yeah, point taken... oh here comes El, I’ve wanted to introduce you for a few days.”

XXXXX

“Hey, El... I see you decided not to go with the minimizer today. Ok Mike, try not to look at her tits. Girls find that rude. Even if they are practically pushing them in your face.”

Mike thought his face would explode in a dark purpley goo.

“Max!” the girl she called El, was not the least bit concerned. “Don’t embarrass the guy.” She turned to Mike and looked at him sympathetically. “Max has no filter... of any kind from what I can tell.” She smiled at him.

Mike noticed that her eye teeth seemed to be turned sideways, looking sharp, but giving her a unique smile.

He noticed other things too. She wore very tight jeans. She wore the hell out of them. She had on a tight t-shirt but over top she wore a blue plaid shirt. But she was showing cleavage. Not Pam Anderson cleavage, more like... Mike shrugged internally... Monica Bellucci? He wasn't in the habit of staring at or judging or comparing the female chest. He was a boob guy for sure, but he appreciated what nicely fitted jeans could do for a girls bottom.

Mouthbreather.

Mike thought to himself. This is a human being here... sure she looks great, her eyes are stunning, she has a cute short pixie haircut that really brings out her eyes, and if she was going to HeeVee, Mike could assume she was smart.

And let's face it Mike, she is way... waaaay out of your league. No way she's not already spoken for.

"Well, I have to go. You two be cute together." And then Max was gone.

"She forgot to introduce us, but I'm sure your name is *El*."

"And I think yours is *Mike*."

They laughed together. Her eyes flashed at him as she smiled.

"As you may have already guessed. I'm type A. Very type A. I'm not body shy, I have no problem showing it off. My dad doesn't like it, Max makes fun of me... but I'm not easy, slutty, whatever you want to call it. Hmm, maybe I'm a little vain. I tend to blurt things out before I think... so sorry for that ahead of time."

Mike said, "If you are proud of your body... own it. You'll notice I don't wear muscle shirts. I think I'm a little too lanky for the ladies. As for blurring things out. Saying what's on your mind isn't the worst thing."

"That's very progressive thinking of you... there's nothing wrong

with you, by the way.”

Mike felt funny.

“So what’s your next class?” El said, Mike noticed she seemed a little fidgety.

“I told Max and she asked if I was serious. Function and Wave Domain Analysis. Lots of math.”

“I’m good at math, let me guess, you need to use Laplace Transforms to simplify an equation, solve it then do the reverse.”

“Holy shit. Yes, that’s exactly it. I love you, will you marry me?”

“Ok.”

She looked at Mike and Mike wasn’t exactly sure what happened to her eyes. He thought they were pretty before but they... they... *The way she’s looking at me. I think she was actually serious there. Eyes don’t lie. She’s really pretty. Smart, pretty. That’s what I like in a girl. I’m allowed to have pretty, but I want smart.*

“Mike, would you... like to have coffee or just get together and talk... sometime... after classes, or on a weekend?”

“I’m going to say something so un-Mike like... not just get together sometime. All the time. As a matter of fact... “

“Yes.”

“Um, what I’m saying... um, I mean, asking... is um, well... like I said totally unlike me. But...”

“Mike... yes. You are asking me be your girlfriend. This is crazy, but feels... this feels so right.”

“Yeah. It does. Have we even known each other ten minutes?” Mike asked.

“I don’t care. Do you have any idea how much I want to kiss you right now? To make a Max-ism, I want to push my tits right into your

face.”

“HeeVee has a *no-pda* policy. “ Mike laughed. “I’m sure that would get us in trouble... the feeling is mutual El... I really want to kiss you. Makes me sound more desperate than I thought... Meet me out front after your last class? I still have three classes left today.”

“I’ll be there Mike.”

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Mike was out front of the building, not quite at the bus transfer. He saw her out the corner of his eye. When she saw him she hurried over. She ran into his arms.

It wasn’t a slobbery kiss, although Mike would have been fine with that. It was just... nice.

She stood back. She was flushed.

“First kiss.” They both said it at the exact same time.

“We probably don’t take the same bus.” Mike said indicating the bus area.

“I have a car. I’ll drive you home.”

“Oh? Ok.”

She grabbed his hand and led him towards the parking lot. “Mike, it’s Friday. I have no weekend classes or assignments due. Do you want to stay with me tonight?”

“Uh...”

“Mike, I want to be intimate with you... and suddenly I feel very high school girlish. *That’s un-El like.*” She laughed.

“Um, where um, do we um... stay?”

“I have an apartment.”

“Wow, a car and an an apartment. Must be nice.”

She turned on him, her eyes flashing menace, her mouth a cruel sneer. “You know what? Mouth-fucking-breather? It’s not nice enough. They should have bought me a mansion, with a gold painted Lexus for each day of the week, with driver.”

“Uh..”

“Uh. Uh. Uh. You know what? You’re a pathetic fucktard”

She had her hands on her hips. “I’m waiting.”

Mike didn’t know what was going on. But he was sincere when he said, “El, I want to thank you for three of the happiest hours of my entire life. I had a girlfriend. A pretty one. And for someone as much of a pathetic fucktard as me? That doesn’t happen. But I can’t watch everything I say hoping it doesn’t set you off. I’m not doing this again. It’s too painful, especially if it’s with a girl you thought you might have loved. So I’m not sure what the fuck you are waiting for, but *I’m* going to wait for the bus.” He used two hands Cartman style and pointed to the buses.

“I’m waiting for an apology.”

“Ok Well *I* didn’t do anything wrong, but... I’m sorry you’re a psycho hose-beast. Fuck... I wish Max had warned me. Fuck El. Just... fuck... I knew it was too good to be true.”

XXXXXX

As Miked headed for the HeeVee bus stop he felt deep depression taking hold. He was numb.

What the hell just happened? I thought I'd made an envious type compliment, but shit did that ever go wrong. I don't think she's stable. Who the hell pissed on her Cornflakes this morning. Or... wait a minute... did her hormones for that time of the month kick in?

For three hours Mike was on top of the world. He had a girlfriend. That by itself was enough for his heart. On top of that she was smart, and so friggin' pretty his heart ached just thinking of her eyes.

And it all went to shit in... seconds.

XXXXXX

Mike new he wasn't really going to be into the game that Friday night. So he cancelled. Minutes after he called Lucas to tell him, and ask him to tell the rest, Max came over. She always came over because of Lucas and she would have headphones on or something and not really pay attention.

This night she came over by herself.

Mike let her in the backdoor to the basement. "I heard." Was the only thing she said.

Mike barked out a laugh, "I'll bet. Be interesting to hear what her side of the story is."

"She said that you two literally decided to be together at the table in the HeeVee common room, you waited for her after classes, you guys kissed, agreed to sleep together, you sounded envious that she had a car and an apartment... and then... she went apeshit on you."

Mike was taken aback.

"Uh, yeah, that's it in a nutshell."

"She said she called you names, she didn't mean any of them, she has a really bad temper, she's sorry, but she understands if you aren't interested in a psycho hose-beast."

Mike stood there looking back at Max. "I regret saying that. You don't answer an insult with another. I have to live with that comment."

"You could always talk to her."

"Nah, I don't think so Max. As much as I like being punched in the head, the ribs, the kidneys... I don't like being kicked in the heart. Hurts way too much."

Max got up and hugged Mike. "Don't give up on her Mike. I say that for both of your sakes. You should see the looks on your faces when you talk about each other. Regardless of what you are saying."

"She gave up on me, Max. Instantly and fully. In seconds. Right after we kissed."

"So that's it? You're done."

"My heart is hurts."

2. Triggers

Notes for the Chapter:

Trigger warnings here. Title was on purpose.

Max had seen El cry before... even cry really hard. But she'd never seen the devastation in El's eyes or hear it in her voice before. She looked and sounded utterly lost.

"That's what he said? That his heart hurt?"

"Yeah, sorry El."

"My temper has gotten me into trouble twice now. Once with my dad... I still tell him I'm sorry about that. It still makes me cry... but Max... Max... I think I'm in love with Mike. We really connected... and just that one comment. I went ballistic on him. I think... I think I need help..."

"Are you talking about full psychotherapy? Or just anger management?"

"I'm taking the same program as you Max, anger can be good... but not if it's directed at the ones you love. I have triggers... I need to deal with them better."

"I have an idea." Max said.

XXXXX

Monday morning Mike was sitting at the table he and Max usually sat at. He knew he should probably go home and start working on an assignment... but he was hoping that...

It happened.

El sat across from him, putting her backpack in the seat beside her. Her demeanor was much different than the Friday before. The type A was gone. She wore a simple print dress, that while didn't hide her curves, made her eyes stand out even more... at least for the brief second he saw them.

She didn't look at him. It wasn't so much that she didn't want to... she couldn't.

She looked down at the table top instead and said, "Have you ever done something so completely stupid in your life, that not only did you *know* you were doing it, you couldn't even help yourself."

"I have my regrets El. Someday I'll tell you about them."

El took that as a positive sign. "I have three things to say Mike... I'd ask that you listen before you leave. That's all I ask."

"El, I can give you that."

"Ok, there is no apology in the world that will make up what I said to you. I know that. It's said and done. I've already cried myself to sleep over it. When Max told me that... when she told me that..."

El's mouth turned down and she started to cry. It was one of the most beautiful things Mike had ever seen. He immediately got up, sat in the chair beside her, putting her backpack on the table and hugged

her. He held her until she continued...

"When Max said that you told her your heart hurt..." More crying... Mike waited. He waited because his heart told him to. "Mike... when your heart hurts, mine does too..."

"That was what really I wanted to say. The second... is much harder because I don't know how you'll react..."

"Only one way to know, El."

"That feeling we had Friday? I still have it.

"You will still want to be my girlfriend?"

The tears streamed, but she nodded.

Mike's voice was a little shaky at this point, but he managed to say it in one breath. "And you will tell me... what happened? I need to understand El. It's obviously an important part of you... if we are going to be together forever... I need to know."

El nodded. "You deserve to know."

"I hope we get in trouble," Mike leaned over, and El knowing what he wanted did also. She closed her eyes as their lips met. It was another nice kiss.

A few whistles but no reprimands.

"You said there was a third?"

El took a deep breath. "Would you be with me while I got some anger management therapy?"

"El, you don't..."

"Yes I do Mike. I *never* want to say anything... bad to anybody I love ever again."

"I'll go with you. I will support you in anything you want to do for the rest of your life."

XXXXX

“So, we are agreed? You stay with me tonight. We talk? Nothing else?”

Mike nodded.

“Ok, maybe kissing... and maybe fondling... or something... I’m not sure I’m going to be able to keep my hands off you...” El said, trying to smile for him.

“You can we stop at my Nana’s place?”

“Your Nana?” El smiled at him.

Mike turned red, “My grandmother... “ Then Mike’s voice got very low and serious. “My mother’s mother. I’m raising my little sister Holly with my grandmother.”

“Oh, I’m sorry Mike. Did you want to cancel the weekend?” El said, she suspected he was about to tell her bad news.

“No, my grandmother would just get mad, she wants me to have a social live... *I* want me to have a social life.”

XXXXX

Mike was silent in the car ride.

“Do you want to tell me what happened?”

“I usually keep this to myself. I don’t want pity or sympathy.”

El realized what Mike was about to tell him was even worse than what she’d been thinking.

Mike took a deep breath. “Ok, short version. My dad is, uh, was older than my mom, retired early. At least to me, I was only fifteen. He didn’t take retirement well. Started drinking. He rarely said a peep to any of us on a daily basis, but when he was drunk he was emotionally abusive to the rest of the family. One night he drove home very drunk. He, um... I’ll spare you the details... he ended up killing my mom and my older sister Nancy... then... later I learned himself. I was teaching Holly to play checkers in the basement, I heard the... um... sounds upstairs, I snuck her out the back door of the basement. I carried her and ran to the police station. “

El carefully pulled the car over to the side of the road and broke down in tears. She was heaving so hard Mike was worried she would hyperventilate. He held her. They sat in the car for a long time.

Eventually El said in a quiet voice, “I’m so ashamed of myself right now... I can’t even... I went off on you because of something I thought I was owed... I don’t...” She started to cry again.

XXXXX

“I won’t ever talk about it again El, you are finding it too upsetting.”

“I want to be here for you Mike, anything you need to tell me. Did

you... sorry, it's the HeeVee program talking here... get any therapy?"

Mike chuckled, "No, I think I'm at the anger stage of grief... I never left that stage. Like Kirk said in one of the Star Trek movies ' *I need my anger* ' . I don't want therapy. Right now I need to be angry. Maybe someday El, but not this weekend, not in the near future."

XXXXX

How am I going to tell Mike that I love him? I can't tell him what happened to me... not this soon. If I tell him anything this weekend he'll just think it's... I don't know, ... related what happened to him? Maybe I won't tell him how much I love him.

Maybe I'll just show him.

El continued to wait for him in the car. He came out without any bags, ran quickly over to the driver's side. "Did you want to meet Holly? Uh, oh, sorry El. Too soon."

El wiped her eyes, "sorry Mike. I don't want her to see me crying."

"It's ok El. I'll go back and finish packing for the weekend."

XXXXX

"So? What do you think?" El let Mike into her loft. It had parquet floors, a large-ish fireplace at one end, a double bed at the other. Huge windows letting in the evening sun. El went to the fireplace,

pressed a button. The shades came down, but not evenly and not all the way.

"I've always wanted to live in a studio loft or something like this." He looked around wistfully. El looked at his face carefully, he was expecting an outburst from her. It made her sad, but she tried not to show it.

"Are the shades not working properly?" Mike asked.

"They are trained to my eyes and how much light I want. The brighter it is, the more they will go down and if they are all down, then they can darken. She pressed a button. They went all the way down and went completely black."

"There we go, completely privacy."

"What for?"

"Screwing."

3. Talking, Eating, More Talking, Sex Talk, Foreplay, Sex Positions

Notes for the Chapter:

I know I write Mike a little on the prudish side. Not quite so much with El. This is content I've wanted to write for a while. I probably won't do it again.

Not really explicit but a little mature maybe, so forewarning.

I believe that every girl should have the kind of conversation that Mike and El do with their significant other. You get that stuff out in the open.

“Mike? ...say something sweetie...”

Mike looked at her, trying very hard not to cry. “You were right El. They owe you a lot more than just this.” He gestured around him. “They stole your childhood... *after* stealing you. The things you had to endure... and they stole your right to be a mother. I’d be very angry at that for a long time.”

Mike lowered his head shaking it.

“I agree Mike, but I was being a drama queen. Neither I or my dad have to work again if we don’t want to.”

“Why do you go to HeeVee?”

“I want to help kids that have been in bad situations, horrible even.”

“I’ve always wanted a rich girl who needed a studdly boy toy.” He smiled at her.

“You want to be my studdly boy toy?” El winked at him.

“I’d like to at least apply for the job, I would stud on spec, you know, just so you could be sure.”

El laughed. “You hungry? I want to eat earlier so we have time to let the food settle. I don’t want to feel all bloaty when I’m bouncing up and down on you.”

Mike turned red.

“You have to get over that Mike. We need to talk openly and freely to each other. We need total honesty between us. For me... it’s the only way it’s going to work. Let me start. We are going to have sex tonight. All this weekend.”

“You ok with stir fry? I’m a good cook, I had to be with my dad...”
El went to the kitchen. She was thrilled to be cooking for Mike.

There was a knock on the door. “Can you get that sweetie, I’m multitasking out here.”

“Got it.” Mike went to the door.

He was facing Chief Hopper. “Um, is something wrong chief?”

“Hi Mike. No... does my daughter still live here?”

“Oh hi, Dad, I forgot you were coming by.” She walked over and hugged his midde. Hopper closed his eyes and kissed the top of her head.

Mike looked back and forth from his girlfriend to Hopper, “He’s your dad? The one who found you in the woods.”

El gave him a small smile, “Did I forget that little detail.” And then it was El’s turn to look between her boyfriend and her Dad.

“How do *you* two know each other?”

“Um, I carried Holly to the police station, met your dad on the way out. He was the investigating officer.”

El looked down.

“You two know each other’s stories?”

Hopper looked back and forth between them. “I left out one detail, dad.”

He nodded, “What about you Mike.”

“I gave El the very short non-detailed version.”

“That’s for the best,” Hopper said. “So... how long has this been going on? I just saw you last Thursday honey.”

“Mike asked me out last Friday.” She didn’t give anymore details than that, “This is kind of our first official date, I’m cooking for him tonight, you’re welcome to stay, but I hope your don’t, but there’s enough for you to have, or you know, take out and be gone as quick as you can.”

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. I’m outta here. Listen... I’m the last person to give relationship advice... but... you two will be good for each other. Don’t fuck it up.”

“Ooh, good advice dad, I never thought of that.”

“I should be sorry for you Mike, but El is a nice, smart, pretty, smartass... but I think you know all that already.”

“And, El. I don’t want to embarrass Mike in front of you... but he’s the nicest guy you are *ever* going to meet. You get what I’m saying here?” Hopper looked at his daughter.

“Um, *don’t fuck it up?*” El tried to look like an innocent kid in school trying to answer a question she wasn’t sure of.

“My job here is done.” He hugged his daughter once more, and

shook Mike's hand.

XXXXX

"Wow, he doesn't really pull any punches does he?" Mike said to her.

"My dad? He does not. It's where I get it from... dinner is ready, let's eat."

XXXXX

"That was good El. That was really good. I don't think I've ever had stir fry before. My mom was always a meat and potatoes kind of cook, she was good though."

"I'm glad you liked it. It's quick to make, and healthy for you... so... at eighteen the government will give you a gun, let you go over to some god-forsaken country and kill some of it's citizens with it... but they'll be damned if they'll let you drink before doing it. Two of the dumbest dumb shit things this country as done was prohibition, they literally created organized crime with it, and drinking age of twenty-one. I can tell you they are staying clear from me, so I have beer and wine in the fridge..." She raised her eyebrows to him.

"Uh, beer I guess, I don't drink as a rule, obvious reasons, but I'm a little nervous tonight."

El got up, “No doubt, you are going to be taking your pants off in front of me. I’d be nervous too.” She winked at him.

XXXXX

“Let’s get some of the awkward stuff out of the way. You already know there will *not* be a long line of Wheeler’s coming from us. If you are not ok with that Mike, it’s time for you to go home. If you are ok with it though... I have good news for you.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“Bareback.”

Mike blushed. “Damn, I won a contest once and the prize was a lifetime supply of Trojan’s.”

“Seriously?” El said.

“No, El. I’m joking. I don’t even carry one around on me like most guys do thinking they could get lucky at any time.

“Ok. Next awkward thing. I’m not a virgin.” Mike started to nod slowly, but El continued. “Part of that lab shit I had to go through. And well, I saw an ear of corn once while getting groceries, thought it would be naturally textured, so back here I put a condom on it, and I let it have it’s way with me... but the condom tore and I had niblets.” She looked at Mike with a straight face.

“I guess, I uh, deserved that one... not true right?” Mike said.

“Only the niblets part is made up.”

“I thought girls used cucumbers?”

“Too hard, not yielding enough. You aren’t supposed to molest food

anyway.”

“Do you have any rubber friends?”

El’s eyes lit up, “Yes, do you want to meet them?”

“Uh... uh...”

“I only have one Mike. Got it from the PinkCherry website. Realistic, textured, and squirting.”

Mike was red again.

“I’m guessing I won’t need it again?”

Mike’s face was burning up.

“Well, before you explode, I want to tell you that I’m perfectly ok with oral sex, giving, but especially receiving. If that grosses you out... well we’ll work on that.”

“That will be two firsts for me.”

“Me too Mike. Ok, on to more awkward. There will be no anal this weekend.”

Mike was now a light shade of purple.

“And if you hadn’t already guessed, no scat play. But golden showers... in the shower... well I’m not going to say no to. It sounds erotic.”

Now Mike was a deep purple.

“Ok, your turn.” El said matter of factly.

“Um, well... um... I’d like to see you naked... and um... have sex with you. I could check those two off my bucket list.”

XXXXX

“I have quite a few close girlfriends, Mike. We talk about sex, masturbation, fantasies, all the time. I mainly listen because I’ve had no experience with a partner, but a lot of things they said have resonated with me.”

“The exact opposite for guys. Well, at least my friends anyway. Subject is strictly taboo, but I have heard locker room talk.”

El was serious, “One of the most terrifying realizations a girl has, is when she thinks she has to show her breasts to her partner, girl or boy. All of my friends agree, but probably not all girls out there agree. We don’t have to. The guy can go fuck himself if he thinks he needs to see them. But, when you are *in the moment* you want to. Girls with smaller breasts are more hesitant, but girls like me... ok, maybe I’m an exception, but I like to show off... although... maybe not anymore, I would never embarrass you in front of anybody Mike.”

“I’ve been thinking about that... haven’t made up my mind yet.”

El continued, “The second part of that realization, is the scariest thing a girl may ever do... she actually shows her breasts to her significant other. What will they think? But more importantly, that initial look on their face. It’s beyond scary Mike. I’m about to do it. I’m proud of my girls, but I’m scared. Will you think they are too big? Not big enough? Will your first thought be ‘*oh, nice tit fuck coming up.*’”

“Ok, while I’m on a roll. I call it my vagina when I’m at my gynecologist. To you, it’s my pussy. Stupid fucking word, but it is what it is. Cunt is off the table. It’s a vile disgusting insult to girls. We clear?”

Mike nodded. “You really lay it on the line El. That alone is refreshing... scary for me because I’m not used to having this kind of conversation with a girl... or ever thought I would for that matter. There were four girls in my family, I learned to respect women,

regardless of age. No sex talk at all.”

“I’m going to go get into something more comfortable.”

XXXXX

When El came back out, Mike saw she was wearing grey track pants and sweatshirt. The sweatshirt was cut short showing her midriff. He could see she wasn’t wearing a bra, and if she lived her arms, he’d probably see the bottom of her breasts.

“Oh! You made a fire? Am I not heating you up enough?” She winked at him. She turned to him, crossed her arms, and pulled off her top. She stood there, suddenly looking unsure and self-conscious.”

“I’m only going to say this mouthbreather comment once El... your tits are fucking spectacular.”

“Take off *all* your clothes Mike.”

He did so without hesitation. She came up to him and kissed him. “I love the way your hands feel on me.”

She kissed his neck... down to his chest... his abs...

XXXXX

“You don’t shave?” Mike asked her.

“Did it tickle your nose?” El laughed, “I used to... all the time. I cut myself once, I thought it was bad, that I would have to go to emergency. I called Max over. It’s the first time, I mean, other than my doctor of course, that I’ve shown my pussy to anyone.”

“I guess you lived?”

“I only trim now. I’ll shave if you want.”

“I think it’s very sexy having a little hair. It didn’t impede my progress any... did it?”

“No. If you leave me Mike, just leave your tongue behind. I’ll be fine.”

“Ok, I’m glad it was good. It’s not like I had any practice.”

“Mmm... what about me? Was it everything you’d fantasized about?”

“Uh... yeah... I did not expect you to... um... uh...”

“Swallow?”

“I’m ready again El.”

XXXXX

“Um, El... did you read the Kama Sutra? You seem to be a lot more... um knowledgeable than I am.”

“I wanted us to try what felt good. What were your favourites?”

Mike told her and El agreed.

“So... um... sexually compatible?” Mike asked

“Yes. We kind of forgot foreplay though.”

“Holding your boobs was foreplay enough for me.”

“Me too.” El giggled.

4. Studdly Boy Toy and Compromises

Notes for the Chapter:

This was always meant to be shorter story... tried to keep the same flavour for the ending.

“So after accepting, and accepting, and accepting, I evaluated each application you made. Your handing of my delicate equipment with the tools you had available... I’ve decided you you are my permanent studdy boy toy.”

“We... uh... um”

“We screwed all night long Mike. I’ve always wanted to do that... and seriously, you can’t have any fluid left in your body. I think you had your own sloppy seconds.” El could feel the heat from Mike’s face.

“Ok, that was maybe over the top but ... sex with you was fun... that’s all we can ask of each other. You are a magnificent lover... and I don’t know it happens a lot, but you said something funny... I mean while you were still... humping me, and we both started laughing. I could... feel your laugh... inside me...”

Mike chuckled. “I think it’s a good sign that we can laugh before, after, and even *during* sex. I didn’t think it could happen... or at least not ruin it... but it didn’t. Um, El... we really belong together. I can think of only one way to... I don’t know... uh, to *lock* you in as mine?”

“Yes Mike.”

“Today?”

“Yes.”

XXXXX

El was still crying when they got back to her loft. "I've never seen anybody cry that much. It felt like we were breaking her heart. She... she thinks I stole you away from her."

Mike looked down, "I know... that was hard to watch... Holly has lost so much..."

"You aren't reconsidering moving in with me are you Mike?..."

"No... no...I want to sleep beside you every night..."

"What about a compromise? It will take a sacrifice from both of us."

"Um... ok...?"

"We quit HeeVee... postpone our classes... get a leave of absence so to speak. And we spend our free time with Holly...?"

"I can't get a job without finishing El."

"Neither can I. But... I don't have to work... *you* don't have to work... and... and..." El started to cry again... "I can't see her cry again Mike... that was too hard."

"You would do that for me... you are the perfect girl for me... I love you so much I don't think I..." Mike barely got it out before El came over to him and they cried together while hugging.

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“Oh God Mike that was funny... has Holly never had had an ice cream cone before? She ate it from the bottom up... when she got the double scoop... I don't think I've laughed so hard...”

“No, that was her first time. But did you see the look on her face when you bought her another one and showed her how to eat it... well... I think you are her favourite person now... um... El. I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me... and my family...”

“I would do anything for you sweetie... I... I don't think I need to go to anger management classes... are you ok with that... I don't have the anger in me anymore... I'm at peace... for probably the first time in my life. Because of you. I can't thank *you* enough.”

“You already did. You became my wife... and oddly enough... the mother that Holly never had.”

“You know your Nana and Holly love it when we stay over.”

Mike nodded.

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“I didn't lie to you El... I spared you the details... it wouldn't have made you feel very good.”

“I can't imagine what it must have been like to have to identify the bodies... Mike? I didn't lie to you either. I kept out one detail that will make more sense to you once I show you.”

“Lab stuff? Um... I don't know El... I can't stop thinking of how bad you had it... I would do anything for you... you know that right?”

El smiled at him. “Let me just show you that not only am I *your* girl. I'm your *special* girl.”

“Let's make this fun.” El pulled off her top. Her ample breasts pointing proudly at Mike.

Mike tilted his head... “Ok... um not quite sure where....” He felt and heard the zipper of his pants being pulled down.

“You're Sexekenitic?”

El laughed. “Ok, I haven't heard that one before... has to be a secret Mike.”

“Of course... I have to tell you that I'm not surprised... there was something about you that was different....”

“Officially Mike... you've never screwed a telekinetic girl.”

“Let's go change that right now.” Mike said.